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FALSE IMPRESSIONS:

A

COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

[First edition]

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Sæpe, etiam audacem, fugat hoc terretque pœtam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique et depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

London:

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P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. MURRAY.

THE time hath been, but in a barbarous age,
When poets brav'd their audience from the stage,
Poets pontifical, whose lofty tone
Acknowleg'd no tribunal but their own,
And sent their Prologue-purveyor to raise
First fruits and fines of tributary praise.

Our modern bards are taught an humbler strain,
And, if less valiant, are not half so vain;
No longer aim the nation's taste to lead,
Content if they can follow and succeed.
Thus if the time should come, when in the place
Of Nature you shou'd substitute grimace,
(Fatal reverse!) What cou'd the Poet do?
Offend the many to appease the few?
No, if in Greece true taste had been as scarce,
The Stagyrite himself had stood for farce.
If wit thro' five long acts will not hold out,
Momus must help to stir the laugh about,
And when you crown his mummery with applause,
You bribe him to transgress the drama's laws.

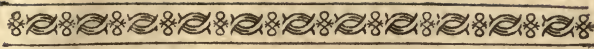
He were a very wild romantic elf,
Who only wrote to figure on the shelf;
To hear his own sad sentiments rebound
Thro' empty galleries with a dying sound,
And sit like Seneca in calm decay,
Watching how life steals drop by drop away:
No, let him take his profit and his ease,
And trifle on so long as trifles please:
Too weak to struggle against fashion's tide,
If with the current he's content to glide,
He only yields as Cæsar did before,
When Tiber's torrent drove him from the shore.

The simple tale we have to tell this night,
Shews truth triumphant over ranc'rous spite,
Casts in dark shades the base defamer's part,
And crowns with just reward the liberal heart.
Oh might our efforts gain their wisht-for end,
The gay to'amuse, the faulty to amend,
Make fiction rule her thoughts by nature's laws,
And wit exert her powers in virtue's cause,
Then and then only might we claim applause.

}

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR OLIVER MONTRATH	- -	MR. MURRAY.
ALGERNON	- - - - -	MR. HOLMAN.
SCUD (an Apothecary)	- - -	MR. QUICK.
EARLING (an Attorney)	- - -	MR. WHITFIELD.
SIMON SINGLE (an old Servant)		MR. MUNDEN.
FARMER GAWDRY	- - - - -	MR. DAVENPORT.
ISAAC (his Son)	- - - - -	MR. FOLLET.
PETER (Journeyman to SCUD)	-	MR. ABBOT.
JACK (a Boy)	- - - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
FRANK (a Footman)	- - - - -	MR. THOMPSON.
LADY CYPRESS	- - - - -	MISS CHAPMAN.
EMILY FITZALLAN	- - -	MISS BETTERTON.
JENNY SCUD	- - - - -	MRS. KNIGHT.
Mrs. BUCKRAM	- - - - -	MRS. DAVENPORT.
RACHEL WILLIAMS	- - -	MRS. NORTON.



FALSE IMPRESSIONS:

A

C O M E D Y.



ACT I.

SCENE, a Chamber in the House of SCUD
the Apothecary.

Enter SCUD.

A HA! very good, very good. Here I am again—no bad night's work—pretty fairish job—patient none the better, myself none the worse—tipt two guineas for sitting up with old Lady Cypress—slept comfortably in an easy chair—nibbled a cold chicken with my Lady's woman—tiff'd a can of flip with the old butler—crib'd a kiss or two from the sweet lips of Mrs. Rachel, and gave her a box of cardamums and a bottle of elder-flower water in return for the favour—So far, so good—Well done, Jerry Scud!—Holloa! Jack, boy, puppy! where are you?

Enter JACK.

Jack. Here am I, master.

Scud. Fetch my slippers, firrah! Take off my boots. [*Exit* JACK.]

My dear Jenny can't abide boots; very right, very reasonable; soil the carpet, dawb her petticoats, annoy her olfactoriès—No wonder—delicate

B

darling

darling my Jenny—sweet pretty creature—perfect
posy of a woman—

[*Re-enter JACK.*

So, so, so! take hold, firrah; pull away! That will
do, that will do—set my slippers—red moroccas—
stockings not soil'd—pretty well off there—Now,
puppy Jack, where's your mistress?

Jack. Don't know.

Scud. How does she do?

Jack. Can't tell.

Scud. Is she at home?

Jack. An't sure.

Scud. Was she at home last night, or was she out?

Jack. Both: sometimes in, sometimes out.

Scud. You're a fool. Had she company?

Jack. No, no; no company.

Scud. Poor dear Jenny! What, quite alone?

Jack. No, no; not quite alone.

Scud. Jackanapes, didn't you tell me she had
no company?

Jack. Yes I did; because why? she bade me let
no company in; yet she wasn't quite alone by her-
self, because young Squire Algernon was alone
with her.

Scud. The devil and his dam! I'm done for.
Get out of my sight! begone! away with you!

[*Exit JACK.*

Ah Jenny, Jenny, Jenny! You are bent upon
sending your poor husband to heaven some day or
other, when it rains while the sun shines—How
now, Peter!

PETER enters.

Peter. Is there any alteration to be made in Lady
Cypress's medicines?

Scud.

Scud. None at all, none; draughts *sicut ante*.

Peter. They do no good.

Scud. They do no harm.

Peter. They are a mere chip in porridge—Conferve of roses will never cure an asthma.

Scud. I know it; what then? A patient cur'd is a customer lost. In one word therefore, *repeta-tur haustus*.

Peter. Be it so! let nature do the work herself; our practice won't puzzle her. [*Exit PETER.*]

Scud. Miserable man that I am; my Jenny tête-a-tête with Harry Algernon!—a rake, a rogue, a rantipole. Hah! here she comes—

Enter Mrs. SCUD.

Light of my eyes, joy of my heart, fair as a lily, come to my arms! Out all night—fig'd for my darling—counted the minutes—terrible long absence—how did you bear it?—Doubt you've been lonesome—

Jenny. Not at all; far from it. Harry Algernon has been here.

Scud. What does he want? Nothing to say to him.

Jenny. But you'll hear what he has to say to you.

Scud. Let him say it to me only. Not fit company for jewel Jenny.

Jenny. Ridiculous! He only wants a little of your interest with Lady Cypress.—Apropos! he has brought you half a buck.

Scud. Let him take his half buck home again. Wou'dn't name his name to Lady Cypress for all the venison in his father's park.

Jenny. Hav'n't you nam'd his name to Lady
B 2 Cypress?

FALSE IMPRESSIONS:

Cypres? I doubt you have, Jerry, oftener than you ought, and in a way you shou'd be asham'd of.

Scud. Only said what lawyer Earling said—always had the law o' my side.

Jenny. On which side was truth? on which side was gratitude? Recollect yourself.

Scud. What shou'd I recollect?

Jenny. I'll tell you.—Your adventure at Barnstable races, when in the pride of your heart you must shew off in your new gig forsooth; and where wou'd you have been now if the very man you have defam'd hadn't sav'd your life at the peril of his own?

Scud. He did, he did—I don't deny it. Tit run restive—tipt me over a wheelbarrow—tumbled under his heels—might have been kick'd to atoms—surgeon's work as it was—snapt my arm—well it was not my neck—much obliged to Harry Algernon—never spoke against him since,

Jenny. Speak for him, man; 't isn't enough you do not speak against him: liberate your conscience.

Scud. Jenny, Jenny, liberate my conscience, as you call it, and I shall liberate my customers; if Harry Algernon will be a rantipole; if his women and his wine, his racing and his revelling, have cross'd him out of the old lady's books, how am I to blame?

Jenny. Well, well, 't isn't your business to set the worst side of his character to view; you have benefited by his courage and humanity—why don't you talk of them, and hold your tongue about his frailties?

Scud. My tongue can do nobody any harm.

*

I tell

I tell you it is all up with him : lawyer Earling has done his business. If ever he enters my lady's doors, or touches a shilling of her fortune while he breathes, set me down for a fool and a false prophet.

Fenny. Suppose he does not aim at touching a shilling of her fortune ; suppose he only wants—but here he comes, and will tell you what he wants.

ALGERNON *enters.*

Alg. Ah, Jerry, my worthy fellow, give me your hand, give me your help.—No, no, that's not the point at present—take your fingers off my pulse.

Scud. Very high, let me tell you—very full—gallops at a furious rate.

Alg. Expectation raises it, hope quickens it ; love is my disease ; and if you don't stand my friend, disappointment will be my death.

Scud. Love ! Can't cure love—troubled enough to cure the consequences of it.

Alg. Hark ye, Jerry, you are an intimate of Lady Cypress ; I, though her nearest of kin, am an exile. Within her castle lives the idol of my soul, Emily Fitzallan ; obtain for me an interview with her, and though you can't cure love, you may rescue me from death, and then you may fairly boast of having sav'd one man's life by your practice.

Scud. Can't do't—not possible—fair Emily never goes out of the castle.

Alg. Therefore it is I want to go into it.

Scud. Hopeless case—not upon the chances—Old Lady won't bear to look upon you.

Alg. I'll excuse her if I may but look upon the young one : manage that for me, my good fellow.—

Nobody knows me; nobody can find me out; I'm a stranger to the whole family.

Scud. And so you are likely to remain.

Jenny. Come, come, Jerry, cast about; be good natur'd, and contrive some errand or pretence to introduce him. If there is a little danger, surely you may risque it for the preserver of your life.

Scud. Foolish scheme, jewel Jenny, foolish scheme.—Won't do.

Alg. Have you no medicines to send in? Can't I personate your pebble and mortar-man?

Scud. Not you; I keep no such pebble and mortar-man in my shop.

Alg. But you keep a heart in your body, and a memory in your brains, therefore you must stand for me as I have stood for you.

Jenny. Hush! here comes Simon Single, the keeper of the castle. Leave me with him, and I warrant I have a key to his castle.

Alg. Angel of my hope, into your hands I commit my cause.

Scud. Aye, aye, leave your cause, and quit your company. [Exeunt SCUD and ALGERNON.

SIMON SINGLE, JENNY SCUD.

Jenny. Welcome, welcome, my good friend!

Simon. Glad to see you, pretty Mrs. Jane.

Jenny. So you are taking your rounds this fair morning, Mr. Simon.

Simon. Better take them than Jerry's doses.

Jenny. I agree with you.

Simon. So wou'd not they perhaps.

Jenny. And how are all cronies at the castle? How does the venerable virgin Mrs. Buckram,

pretty Rachel Williams, and the rest of the fair nuns ?

Simon. Name 'em not ; you have not left your fellow. What is Rachel Williams ? a baby.

Fenny. Well, but Mrs. Buckram—she is no baby.

Simon. No, o' my word ; she is of the race of the Anakims.

Fenny. No matter for that, friend Simon ; you'll marry Buckram.

Simon. No, no, that buckram shall never stick in my skirts. Harapha of Gath wou'dn't marry her. I am no knight-errant to encounter giants.

Fenny. I shou'd think so ; for if you were a true knight, you wou'd not sleep before you had set free your lovely prisoner, Emily Fitzallan.

Simon. There's one a-coming will do that. Fair Emily will be a wife before you'll be a widow. Young Montrath is the man for her ; he's expected every day with his uncle Sir Oliver. It is all agreed upon, and my lady's whole fortune will be settled on Miss Emily. There's a start for you—there's a fall from dependance to prosperity ; from wanting every thing to possessing all.

Fenny. And nothing left to Harry Algernon ?

Simon. Yes, patience if he possesses it, and an ill-name whether he merits it or not.

Fenny. Well, I can't see the justice of all this.

Simon. Who can, where lawyer Earling is concerned ? That puppy of an attorney lords it over the whole castle ; and now we are in the bustle of setting out Miss Emily in a stile before Sir Oliver arrives. There are fine dresses to be made, fine

apartments to be furnished, and fresh servants to be hir'd for the heirefs.

Jenny. Say you so? fresh servants? Are you full? If not, I can recommend you such a lacquey—the very man of men—Jerry shall bring him to you.

Simon. Bring him yourself; lead him over in a white bridle, and let me judge of his points and his paces.

Jenny. You shall—my life for your's, Miss Emily will be charm'd with him.

Simon. Adieu! time flies when I am with you. Once more, adieu! I shall expect you. I hope you are happy with your little doctor; but I must think you were much too fine a flower to be pluckt by an apothecary, and stuck into a gallipot. [*Exit.*

Jenny. He's off; you may come out of your hiding hole; the coast is clear.

(*Enter ALGERNON, followed by SCUD.*)

Alg. Now, my fair advocate, what have you done for me? Is there any hope?

Jenny. Of the old lady's fortune, none; your aunt has not left you a shilling.

Alg. I'm glad of it.

Scud. I wonder why.

Jenny. Miss Emily is to have the whole.

Alg. I'm sorry for it.

Scud. I wonder wherefore.

Alg. I'll tell you then. Had my aunt bequeath'd to me her fortune, she wou'd have probably restricted me from marrying Emily; having given it to Emily, she has doubtless tied her up from marrying me. Had she done neither one nor the other, I have enough to maintain her, and the prize had been my own.

Jenny.

Jenny. And so she shall; I've a project for your meeting.

Alg. I doubt if I ought to seek it.

Scud. Very true; lay it aside altogether; it will bring a plaguy deal of mischief upon me, and do no good to you.

Alg. Tell it me however.

Jenny. You'll comprehend it at once. There is a proper valet to be hir'd for the heiress, fit to wait upon her person, and grace the back of her chair at table.

Alg. I can't do it; I am not equal to the task; I can't approach so near, and yet refrain. When she spoke to me, I shou'd be lost; when she look'd on me, I shou'd betray myself; and when I handed her the plate, I should present it on my knee.

Scud. Aye, then you wou'd be vullied out of the window, and I kick'd out of the doors. Now, silly Jenny, what's become of your project?

Alg. Hold there! tho' dangerous in the extreme it is not altogether desperate. If I cannot undertake the offices you describe, I may yet present myself as a candidate for her service; and in that character perhaps obtain an interview with my charmer. That hope is worth an effort.

Scud. It isn't worth a farthing, and will be pounds and pounds out of my way. Cursed scrape, foolish Jenny, cursed scrape!

Alg. But where shall I get a proper dress to appear in?

Scud. No where; you can't appear at all.

Jenny. Fear nothing; I'll provide you with a dress.

Scud.

Scud. Egad, she has a provision for every thing.

Alg. Who but must conquer that is armed by the fair? There is a rascal in the family, Earling by name, who has slanderously defam'd me; I'll wring his ears from his head.

Scud. Take care; Earling is an attorney, and if he has any ears you will pay for wringing them; if he has none, you'll be puzzled to lay hold of them.

Alg. Come, Jerry, I see what staggers you; you are afraid of losing the old lady's custom.

Scud. You are right; I am. She takes physic, and you take pleasure.

Alg. Mark me! I'll not promise you to swallow as many medicines as she does; but, come what will, I'll guarantee you against all losses incurr'd on my account; so fear nothing, but come on. Discretion I can't boast of, but in honour I will never be found wanting.

Scud. That's enough, that's enough! Deal upon honour and I am with you. I love to do a good natur'd action when there's nothing to be lost by it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Lady

CYPRESS'S Castle.

Lady CYPRESS, Lawyer EARLING.

Lady Cyp. Enter, enter, Mr. Earling: you come upon a wish.

Earl. Ever prompt to approve myself your ladyship's most devoted and most absolute humble servant, upon a wish I come, upon a word I vanish.

Lady Cyp. I am satisfied with your diligence; you may spare yourself the trouble of describing it.

Earl.

Earl. I am dumb.

Lady Cyp. Have you the memorandums about you, that I dictated?

Earl. If my tears have not defac'd them. Believe me, gracious lady, when I saw my own name set down to a bequest so munificent, I was cover'd with blushes, I was choak'd with gratitude.

Lady Cyp. Out with it then, out with your name, if such is the effect, and write in Algernon's; I warrant gratitude will not choak him.

Earl. Good, very good! Your ladyship has the gift of rallying me in the most pleasant way out of my metaphors. Choak is a figure somewhat of the strongest.

Lady Cyp. Why yes, and I shou'd think you may venture upon the legacy, and risque the effects of it; so copy out your paper when you please.

Earl. I'll set my clerks upon it out of hand.

Lady Cyp. You'll set the world upon it when I'm out of it, for you have totally cashier'd Harry Algernon, and he is the son of my sister.

Earl. And your sister was the wife of his father, and his father was your unremitting persecutor, who vex'd you with a suit in chancery for ten long years, and ten might have been added to ten, had it not been that I—I speak modestly of myself; I am no egotist—I speak simply of number one, and nobody else, for your barrister was a cypher—

Lady Cyp. But a cypher put to number one adds no trifle to its value; so the upshot is, you gain'd the suit, and I paid the costs—a victory little to be envied—and, after all, is it just and equitable the son should suffer for the father's faults?

Earl.

Earl. O jus et æquum! as if he had not faults enough of his own to warrant your exclusion of him.

Lady Cyp. I have heard enough of his faults I confess, if you are correct in describing them. If you have deceiv'd me—

Earl. I! I deceive you! I defame your nephew! I who have never spoke of his offences but with regret and sorrow; never brought a story to your ears, but with the view of intercepting malice and softening down impressions; I deceive you! then where is truth and virtue?

Lady Cyp. Both in sight, as I shou'd hope—for Emily appears.

(EMILY FITZALLAN enters.)

Earl. I humbly take my leave. Miss Emily, I'm your's—Humph! not a word! Your faithful friend to serve you. Not a look? Upstart! I'll marry the old lady, and cut her out of every shilling—I will. [Exit EARLING.

Lady Cyp. Approach, my dear! Come near me. I must talk with you. Well! You have been to see the apartment I have newly furnished—and do you like it, Emily?

Emily. 'Tis elegant in the extreme—'tis sumptuous.

Lady Cyp. 'Tis your's, my dear; it is to grace my Emily that I have deck'd it out.

Emily. For me such finery?

Lady Cyp. Child of my heart, for you. All I possess is your's.

Emily. I hope you will not tempt me to forget that I was poor and humble.

· Lady

Lady Cyp. I hope not : nature has endow'd you with admirable qualities ; prosperity, I trust, will not pervert them. It does not quite come on you by surprize : you cou'd not well suppose I shou'd adopt the son of my most unrelenting persecutor.

Emily. I did not dare to reason in that case.

Lady Cyp. But you must know how worthless in himself, how undeserving of my favour is he, who, in respect of consanguinity, is the only person that cou'd supersede you.

Emily. You speak of Mr. Algernon.

Lady Cyp. I do ; I speak of him, whom no one speaks of but with reproach and scorn.

Emily. I do confess I've heard much evil speaking, but 'twas from one who shou'd have more respect for truth and decency than to traduce the nephew to the aunt.

Lady Cyp. What do you mean ? Wou'd you defend a libertine ?

Emily. No, madam, I defend no libertine ; but you will not be angry if I avow that I detest a libeller. If he, who thus has poison'd your opinion, knows not the character, the manners, habits, sentiments, connections, perhaps not even the outward form and feature of the man, whose fame he mangles, can I be to blame if I implore you, for the love of justice, to hear before you strike ?

Lady Cyp. What is this, Emily ? What is this warmth ?

Emily. Honest, not prudent ; out of time and place, but still sincere, tho' rash.

Lady Cyp. You call on me to hear before I strike ; I now demand if you that strike have heard ?

Do you know Algernon? Have you convers'd with him?

Emily. Madam, I have:

Lady Cyp. You have! when; where? he comes not hither; never was admitted, never will be; within these doors. Astonishing that you shou'd dare to tell me you have made acquaintance with this profligate:

Emily. Hear my defence.—You gave me leave to pass a little time, for change of air after my late confinement; at your Hill-farm. One evening I had rambled about a mile from home, when upon entering a little copse; thro' which my footpath led, judge of my horror, when a villain, such I must call him, surpriz'd me, seiz'd me, and in spite of cries, prayers and entreaties—

Lady Cyp. Merciful providence! what do you tell me?

Emily. A dreadful tale I shou'd have had to tell, or died ere I cou'd tell it, had not heaven sent me a rescue, a brave brave preserver, who with a soul all fire, and motion quick as lightning; sprung on the assailant, grasp'd him in his arms; and after a contention, furious tho' short, hurl'd him to the ground, breathless, and maim'd with bruises.—Which of these merits the name of *profligate*? Not he that sav'd me—It was Algernon.

Lady Cyp. Algernon do you say? My worthless nephew Algernon! Take care!

Emily. Renounce me if I tell you an untruth:

Lady Cyp. I'm all astonishment. Who was the assailant?

Emily. Madam, I know not. Your heroic nephew

nephew bore me half dead and fainting to my house; 'twas not till then I knew him to be Algernon. He staid with me no longer than till the care of the good people had recovered me: the next morning I return'd to the castle, fearing to remain any longer in so solitary a place. Of Algernon, I saw no more. Now suffer me to ask, is this the conduct of a profligate?

Lady Cyp. 'Tis a strange story.

Emily. 'Tis a true one, madam.

Lady Cyp. Why have you kept it to yourself thus long? You've been return'd two days.

Emily. Because until this hour I have not seen your spirits in a state to bear the slightest agitation.

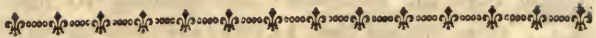
Lady Cyp. And do you think the agitation slight that I now suffer? No, I see your danger, Emily; I see your weak credulity, and much I fear you'll find yourself the dupe of Algernon. What business cou'd he have at my Hill-farm?

Emily. Madam, your tenant's wife nurs'd Mr. Algernon.

Lady Cyp. She never shou'd have nurs'd you, Emily, or harbour'd you one moment, had I known it.

Emily. That's hard; but I must suffer and be silent.

Lady Cyp. Be silent then, and go to your chamber; there you may meditate on what you have been, and call to mind, with timely recollection, what you may be again.



A C T II.

Castle Hall.—SIMON SINGLE, *Farmer* GAWDRY,
and his Son ISAAC.

Simon. **M**ASTER Gawdry, Master Gawdry, have I not said the word, and will not the word that I have said serve and suffice to put thee out of doubt, that Isaac thy son, thy son Isaac, will not do?

Gawd. I pray you now, Master Simon Single, be kind-hearted, and consider of it. I shou'd be main proud to have him in my lady's livery; he's a docile lad, and can turn his hand, as I may say, to any thing.

Simon. Let him turn it to the plough; he's a bumpkin: let him drive the team and dung the land; he's born to it: let him ring the hogs, and tend the stye, and toil in the drudgery of his vocation. Nature never fashion'd him to be the lacquey of a lady—You are answer'd, farmer Gawdry.

Gawd. Aye, Master, I am answer'd, but I am not heard. I hann'a told you half the things my boy can do.

Simon. What can he do? Unfold!

Gawd. A power—Speak for yourself, Isaac; tell the gentleman what you can do.

Isaac. A'looks so grave, a'daunts me.

Gawd. What shou'd daunt thee, boy? Don't hang thy head, but up, and tell him boldly what can't do.

Isaac

Isaac. I wull, father, I wull.—I can sing psalms, shoot flying, worm the puppies, cut capons, climb the rookeries, and make gins for polecats.

Simon. Wonderful! and can't you eat and drink, and sleep and snore abundantly? Can't you wench when you have an opportunity, swear now and then upon occasion, and lie a little when it serves your purpose?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I know something of all these matters.

Gawd. I told you he was fit to wait upon any lady in the land.

Simon. Upon any lady but the lady Cypress he is welcome; upon her he may wait long enough before he gets any other answer than I've given you.

Dictum est—Good morning to you.

Gawd. Good morning to me indeed! How long, I trow, have you been this great man, to carry yourself in your geers so stately? I can call to mind the day when you came into this family as mere a bumpkin as you think my boy to be.

Simon. Keep your temper, neighbour Gawdry, keep your temper; mount your steed, amble homewards, visit your *oves* and your *boves*, comfort your good dame, and present my humble service to her.

Gawd. I won't comfort her; I won't present your humble service to her; I don't find you are so willing to do her any service, and as for humble, it don't belong to you—but mark my words—time is at hand—county election's coming on—ask me for a plumper then, do; ask me, I say, for a plumper

—and mind where I'll direct you to look for it.
Come along, Isaac, come along!

[*Exeunt* GAWDRY and ISAAC.]

Simon. We men in power, when we have a place to give away, make nine enemies to one friend, and 'tis nine to one if that friend don't turn an enemy before he is well warm in his office.—Ah, Doctor, is it you?

SCUD and SIMON SINGLE.

Scud. Your servant, your servant! I have brought you the young man Jenny recommended.

Simon. Have you so, have you so? Where did you fall in with him?

Scud. Crost'd upon him by mere chance—clever fellow—wants a place—think he'll suit Miss Emily—no objection, dare say, on his part—won't haggle for wages—will you see him?

Simon. Hold a moment.—Has he got a character?

Scud. Two—a good one and a bad one; but the good one is what he wou'd prefer being known by.

Simon. I give him credit for that. What name does he bear?

Scud. Henry, alias Harry—you may take your choice.

Simon. He has two of them, it seems; very good! What besides?

Scud. Scudamore.

Simon. A branch of the Scuds we'll suppose; but we'll see him.—Where does he come from?

Scud. T'other side of the country—better let him

him answer questions for himself—come in, young man; present yourself to Mr. Simon Single, the respectable major domo of this illustrious family.

ALGERNON enters.

Simon. So, so! what's here? This is no drudge for all work and all weathers; this is a thing for Sundays and for holidays! as clean a peg to hang a livery on as heart cou'd wish.—Well, Henry Scudamore, you're for a place, and, I conclude, one where there's least to do will please you most; you are not us'd to labour.

Alg. I am not.

Simon. Nor ever mean to be, I dare believe.

Scud. Oh fie! you'll put him down; he's modest to a fault.

Simon. If that's his only fault, we'll overlook it. What can you do?

Alg. My best to please my mistress, and something, I should hope, to gain your favour.

Simon. Egad, you've found the way to that already; I like your answer much; I like your manners, countenance, deportment; and I am no mean judge, altho' I say it.

Alg. Sir, you have all the right in life to say it; for if none else will give us a good word, we must e'en praise ourselves.

Simon. A sharp wit, let me tell you.—Harkee, Henry, your name I know; the place from whence you come I do not know; your qualifications remain to be prov'd, and your character I dare say, if it is of your own giving, will be an excellent good one.

Alg. With your leave I shou'd prefer to speak upon all these points with the lady I aspire to serve.

Simon. *Aspire to serve!* Sir, your most obedient humble servant.—I shall *aspire* to ask you no further questions, but turn you over for examination to the lady of the house herself.

Alg. Is this the lady of the house now approaching?

Mrs. DOROTHY BUCKRAM enters.

Simon. Of the lower house she is the lady. Make your best bow to Mrs. Dorothy Buckram, but don't be too aspiring; if you offer to salute her you are a lost man; that blessing don't fall to my lot above once in a twelvemonth, and some would not aspire even to that.

Dor. What is this ribaldry that you are talking? and who is this young man?

Simon. A youth of promise; a candidate for service; one that aspires to the supreme delight of carrying clogs and combing lap-dogs for the lady heiress.

Dor. What is his name.

Simon. Henry.

Dor. A gentle name, soothing and soft, I much approve of Henry: I've ever had a prejudice for Henry.

Simon. Simon is sweeter.

Scud. Jerry is more brisk.

Simon. Sweet Simon—simple Simon—why 't's music—it is a lute.

Scud. But Jerry sounded in F sharp's a trumpet.

Dor. Yes, truly, in the ears of a hen-peck'd husband when his partlet cackles.—But can't this youngster speak? Henry shou'd speak like Henry; let us hear you. Were I the mistress you aspir'd to serve, what wou'd you say to me?

Alg.

Alg. Silence becomes a servant; 'tis a virtue; but if I were your equal and your lover.—

Dor. Ah, then what wou'd you say?

Alg. Then if you stood all tempting as you are, full in my sight, and cheer'd your happy swain with smiles so lovely, languish so alluring.—

Dor. What wou'd you do?

Alg. I'd snatch you to my heart, press you, caress you, smother you with fondness.—

Dor. And so you will; let go, or I'll scream out.

Simon. Bravo; you'll do—A very good rehearsal.

Scud. A very villanous one, if my Jenny has had a part in it.

Simon. I give you joy, young man; your fortune's made.

Dor. I wonder who has taught him this assurance.

Scud. Oh madam, he's a pupil of my Jenny's; I've nothing to do with him.

Simon. Come, come, there's no offence; t'was a fair challenge, and no true Englishman wou'd have refus'd it.—Courage, my lad! you'll never want a service. Let us adjourn. [Exeunt.]

(*Lady CYPRESS and Lawyer EARLING.*)

Lady Cyp. Well, now you've heard the story, what do you say to it?

Earl. Nothing.

Lady Cyp. What, nothing? then you don't believe it.

Earl. Pardon me, madam; I believe it happened just as Miss Emily relates it to you; I do believe there was a man set on to frighten her, and that he took a drubbing from her hero, for which I also perfectly believe he was well paid.

Lady Cyp. Why shou'd you not suppose it might be real? there are such drunken fellows up and down.

Earl. But sober men will not be taken in by such stale tricks. You meet the same, or something very like it, in every paltry novel that you read. The man's escap'd; you'll never hear of him; his bargain was not made to go to prison.

Lady Cyp. I see it now; I see thro' the contrivance.

Earl. Yes, madam, and you may also see which way your property will go, if ever Miss has the disposal of it.

Lady Cyp. I'll never sign those deeds in her behalf till she consents to marry as I'd have her. Indeed, indeed, you have fav'd me, my good Sir, from a most rash and inconsiderate measure.

Earl. Now is the time; I'll seize the happy moment.—My ever honour'd lady, I but live to save and serve you; my whole life has been devoted to your happiness; the founder of your fortune, I have fought your battles manfully, and stood a siege as long as that of Troy in your defence; aye, and wou'd die in it if need requir'd.

Lady Cyp. There is no need—I know your services, and at my death you'll find I have not underrated them.

Earl. She melts—I'll strike.—Not at your death, dear lady, (may that be far, far off!) but with your life reward me.—Hah! that tells she yields to the impression.—

Lady Cyp. How with my life? You have my good opinion; you have my friendship; what more can I do for you?

Earl.

Earl. Think of me only as I think of you. Why shou'd a thankless girl engross your fortune? Use it; employ it; many happy days are yet in store for you. When the Lord Cypress married you he was your senior by a pretty many years more than your ladyship is mine.

Lady Cyp. Your inference from that?

Earl. I dare not quite reveal it. I wou'd wish your ladyship to take it to your thoughts. A hint, a word, a look, so it were kind, wou'd greatly help me to declare it to you.

Lady Cyp. We'll talk no more at present, if you please; you will remember you're my agent, Sir; and I will not forget your services.—Good day to you.

Earl. May every day and every hour be happy as I cou'd wish them, and you will be blest.—'Twill do—her pride is dropping from the perch—she totters; I shall catch her. [Exit.

SIMON SINGLE enters.

Lady Cyp. How now, Simon! have you found a proper lad amongst the tenants sons to serve Miss Emily?

Simon. Of them not one, so help me, honor'd lady—I cannot recommend them; they are boors, clowns, clodpates.

Lady Cyp. What is to be done?

Simon. There is a youth attending—Doctor Scud speaks in his favour.

Lady Cyp. Scud's a babbler.—What do you say?

Simon. He is above the level of these indigenious smock-frocks and hobnails. I shou'd advise your ladyship to see him.

Lady Cyp. By all means; let him enter.

Simon. Henry, you are permitted to approach; the Lady Cyprefs deigns to look upon you—make your obeifance!

ALGERNON enters.

Lady Cyp. So! this is the young man—Henry you call him; what other name belongs to him?

Simon. Scudamore, an please you; fo he gives in himfelf.

Lady Cyp. No vulgar name—and, fo far as appearances befpeak, no vulgar perfon. Well, Henry Scudamore, you want a place.

Alg. I wifh to ferve your ladyfhip.

Lady Cyp. Have you been in fervice?

Alg. Never.

Lady Cyp. So I thou'd guefs. What leads you now to feek it?

Alg. The ambition of belonging to your ladyfhip; but I wou'd answer more directly, might I prefume.—

Lady Cyp. I underftand you. Simon, leave the room. [Exit SIMON.

You feem embarras'd. Was it not your wifh to fpeak to me in private?

Alg. Madam, it was.

Lady Cyp. And what have you to impart, that one, who poffibly may be your fellow fervant, might not be privy to?

Alg. Madam, I am a gentleman by birth; that being known amongft my fellow fervants might chance to raife an evil mind againft me, and make my humble ftation painful to me; your candour will not think the worfe of me becaufe I am unfortunate.

Lady

Lady Cyp. No, not the worse in charity of thought, but I cannot employ you in my service. No gentleman must wait upon that lady, to whom I else perhaps had destin'd you. — No gentleman at least of your appearance.

Alg. I'm sorry for it—but it is my fate to be judg'd by appearances, and condemn'd by reports.

Lady Cyp. If you have fallen into this decay by mere misfortune, or injurious treatment, I can pity you; nay, Henry Scudamore, if that's your name, and if I knew your story (which at present I have not time to hear) I cou'd do more—I cou'd (and something whispers me I wou'd) consider your necessities, and help you.

Alg. I am the victim, madam, of a villain. My story is soon told, for it is founded on a simple fact, which I can make appear to full conviction, if you will condescend to give me hearing, and suffer me to state such evidence, as cannot be oppos'd by my defamer.

Lady Cyp. I know not what to say to that, young man; I have no strength to spare for other's burthens, and am already loaded with my own, even to the breaking down of my weak frame. If 'tis a case of pity, I've a hand that's open to your wants without enquiry; if it is matter of grievance and redress, I wou'd recommend you to state it to my lawyer, Mr. Earling, and he shall see you righted.

Alg. I humbly thank you; I will state it to him, and trust the goodness of your heart will see me righted.

Lady Cyp. Ah! I've no heart, no health, no nerves to hear you. You must excuse me, Henry Scudamore.

Scudamore. I dare not undertake to arbitrate; but wait Sir Oliver Montrath's arrival, and he shall hear you; he's a noble gentleman.

Alg. Where shall I wait the whilst?

Lady Cyp. Where? Let me see—yes, you may stay this night here in the castle. My old servant, Simon, will entertain you at the second table. Does that content you?

Alg. I were most unthankful if it did not.

Lady Cyp. Follow me then, and I will give my orders. [Exeunt.]

EMILY'S Apartment.

EMILY FITZALLAN, RACHEL WILLIAMS.

Emily. Rachel!

Rachel. Madam! what are your commands?

Emily. Don't answer me in that stile. I have so long been a dependant, and liv'd in such familiarity with you, my good Rachel, in particular, that, tho' you are my servant, I don't wish you to use a language to me so submissive.

Rachel. Whatever language you wou'd have me use, so it will but convey the same respect, I will endeavour to conform to it.

Emily. I wou'd fain keep upon such terms with fortune, that I may fall back to my former poverty without a pang; therefore, if ever you perceive me giddy with prosperity, recal my recollection to the low situation I emerg'd from, and do it honestly, my girl; don't spare me.

Rachel. You'll want no monitor to warn you against pride, and yet, as you require sincerity, there is one warning I conceive is needful just at this crisis.

Emily. State it without reserve.

Rachel.

Rachel. Are you not now in danger of incurring your patroness's most severe displeasure?

Emily. Perhaps I am; but be explicit with me.

Rachel. Your champion Algernon, has he not left a thorn in that soft heart?

Emily. If you call gratitude a thorn, he has.

Rachel. Are you quite sure 'tis only gratitude? May it not soon be love? Nay, give me leave—is it not love already?

Emily. Well, if it is, how can I strive against it?

Rachel. Prudence will tell you how.

Emily. Prudence will tell me an old gossip's tale, but who, that is in love, will hear her out?

Rachel. Are you aware how fatal it will be to all your expectations, if my lady discovers your attachment?

Emily. Are you aware how natural it is to love the man who saves you from destruction? My lady gives me riches, Algernon rescues my life and honour; I was lost but for his courage; I am only poor without her bounty; and if she demands that I shou'd sacrifice my heart's affections, she makes conditions that I cannot grant, nor wou'd her fortune bribe me to the attempt.

Rachel. Do you know Mr. Algernon's character?

Emily. Does he that blackens it? What does my lady know but what that lawyer insills into her ear? Infamous man! And why does he defame him? why, but because he may retain his power in the estate, and garbel it at pleasure? Besides, he has an ample legacy; believe me, I hold it a disgrace to read my name in the same page with his; nor wou'd I be his partner in the crime of plundering
Algernon,

Algernon, but that I live in hopes the time will come when I may render back the unlawful spoil.

Rachel. Then temporize the whilst, my dearest lady, or that time never will be your's.

Emily. 'Tis right; you counsel well; and now I will confide a secret to you: I have warn'd Algernon who is his enemy, and what base stories have been forg'd against him,—Ah! who is this? 'Tis he, 'tis he himself!

ALGERNON enters.

Alg. Hush! not so loud.

Emily. Your name was on my lips. How came you here? How did you gain admission, and what have you in view by this disguise? You may disclose; this friendly girl is secret.

Alg. Then let her stay; I wou'd not be surpriz'd in private with you, I am here by sufferance of Lady Cypress; I have seen my aunt for the first time, convers'd with her, and lodg'd a plea for further hearing when her friend, Sir Oliver Montrath, shall be at leisure: one of his servants is already come; he may be soon expected.

Emily. And his nephew, does he accompany him?

Alg. I did not ask that question of the servant, but if you wish it I will make the enquiry.

Emily. No, let it pass. I know your aunt expects him.—Hark, Rachel, somebody is at the door—see who it is.

Rachel. Madam, there's nobody, nor any found that I can hear.

Emily. Stand where you are and listen!—What is the meaning of this dress you wear?

Alg. I put it on to counterfeit a servant, or, I shou'd rather say, to ask for service—Will you not

try me, Emily? don't take my character from that attorney; I'll serve you honestly.

Emily. You serve! you're jesting.

Alg. Am I not your servant? I am your faithful servant.

Emily. My heroic preserver—that is your rightful character, and by that title you have a claim upon my gratitude, which only can expire with life—and now inform me what you have in view by this adventure.

Alg. I am not so romantic as to think I can maintain my post longer than till to-morrow, to which time I have a furlough by authority; if fortune stands my friend I may effect something within that period; but even now am I not supremely blest to see you, hear you, and behold that face, that was of late so pale and wan with terror, restor'd to all the lustre of its charms?

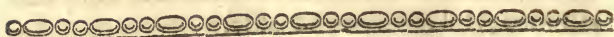
Emily. That face, assure yourself, will never be turn'd from you to league with those who seek to rob you of your fame and fortune.

Alg. I am not robb'd of what enriches you.

Emily. The heart, that swells with indignation against all that wrong you, had but for you been cold and motionless.—

Alg. Oh Emily, forbear.

Emily. This and no more—I never will be made the slave of interest or dupe of slander. My confidence in you cannot be shaken, my obligations cannot be computed. The life that I possess is of your giving—What can I say but that I live for you?—Now leave me, Henry; not a word, but leave me.



A C T III.

Lady CYPRESS and Servant.

LADY CYPRESS.

HARK! 'tis the porter's bell—run to the hall, and tell me if Sir Oliver's arriv'd.

Serv. Madam, he's here: Sir Oliver is present.

Sir OLIVER MONTRATH enters.

Lady Cyp. Welcome, most welcome! May I trust my senses? This is above hope that you and I should live to meet again.

Sir Oliv. My ever dear, my ever honour'd lady!

Lady Cyp. Time has gone lightly over you, my friend! You, that have travers'd sea and land, are whole; I, that have tempted neither, am become a shatter'd wreck on shore.

Sir Oliv. Not so, not altogether so, thank heaven! Time is a furly guest, whose courtesy does not improve by long acquaintance with us; but we'll not rail at him since he permits us once more to meet.—And here's the same old castle still unspoilt by modern foppery; aye, and the same old grand fires firm in their frames with not one wrinkle more than when I parted from them years ago.

Lady Cyp. Aye, years indeed—but you have fill'd them up with glory; your's has been a life of themes for future history, a field of laurels to adorn your tomb—mine has been tame and simple vegetation.

Sir Oliv. I have liv'd a soldier's life; but, heaven

be thank'd, I've plunder'd no nabob, stript no rajah of his pearls and pagodas, nor have I any blood upon my sword, but what a foldier's honour may avow—but you have here a relict of my gallant comrade major Antony Fitzallan. He was wounded by my side, carried off the field, and died in my arms. With his last breath he bequeath'd ('twas all he had to bestow) a blessing to his daughter, and charg'd me, if I liv'd to come to England, to thank you for your charity, and be a friend to her.

Lady Cyp. I trust you'll find her worthy of your friendship.

Sir Oliv. Is she good, is she amiable? Has she her father's principles, her mother's purity?

Lady Cyp. See her and judge; she's naturally sincere—but where's your nephew? where is Mr. Lionel?—I reckon'd with much pleasure upon seeing him.

Sir Oliv. Ah, my good lady, there I am unfortunate. I had built upon the hopes of presenting him to you; but it cannot be at present. Poor Lionel is indispos'd, and must bear his disappointment with what philosophy he can.

Lady Cyp. The disappointment is reciprocal—a little time I hope will bring him to us.

Sir Oliv. I wish it may—but look! who comes—

Lady Cyp. This is my orphan charge—This is our Emily.

EMILY FITZALLAN *enters.*

Sir Oliv. The very image of her lovely mother.

Lady Cyp. My dear, this is Sir Oliver Montrath, mine and your father's friend; as such you'll honour him.

Sir

Sir Oliv. As such I claim the privilege to embrace and press her to my heart. My child, my charge; devolv'd upon me by a father's legacy, when breathing out his gallant soul in prayers and blessings for his Emily.

Emily. Oh sir, was you, was you beside him at that dreadful moment?

Sir Oliv. I was, my child! these arms supported him; cover'd with wounds; and crown'd with victory—alas! how dearly purchas'd.

Emily. Then let his last commands be ever sacred; if you have any such in charge to give me; impart them, I conjure you.

Sir Oliv. I have none but blessings to impart. In fortune's gifts the hero had no share, in virtue's he abounded. In the care of this your generous benefactress he had left you; to that and heaven's protection he bequeath'd you.

Emily. I am content; and what before I ow'd in gratitude to this beneficent and noble lady; I now will pay with filial obedience and duty super-added. Suffer me, dearest madam, from this moment to call myself your daughter.

Lady Cyp. As such I have adopted you; remember now, my child, the duty you have taken on yourself, the authority you have consign'd to me. All rights parental center now in me; your happiness, your credit, your establishment, are trusts for which I am responsible.—You have no other task but to obey.

Emily. Obedience, madam, has its limitations; but such as I would render to my father I'll pay to you. Have I your leave to withdraw?

Lady

Lady Cyp. You may, my dear; your spirits seem to need it.—Go and compose yourself.

[*Exit EMILY.*]

Sir Oliv. Exquisite creature! I'm enchanted with her. By heaven! 'twould be the height of my ambition, the object I have most at heart in life, to see my Lionel—Oh that I cou'd!—here kneeling at her feet.—Born of such parents, train'd by such instructions, and grac'd with charms so lovely, Emily, without a fortune, is a match for princes.

Lady Cyp. If such is your disinterested wish (and greater happiness I could not pray for) I trust my fortune thrown into her scale will not make her appear less worthy of your nephew, or cause you to retract your good opinion.

Sir Oliv. No, surely; but I doubt if I should wish your fortune to go out of the right channel even to Emily. We that have never married should regard our nephews as our sons.

Lady Cyp. But does affinity impose on me an obligation to bestow my property on one that merits nothing, to the wrong of her that merits all?

Sir Oliv. Is that the character of Algernon? Is he so undeserving?

Lady Cyp. Ah there, my friend, there is my terror; the destiny I dread; the man of all men living the most dangerous to my peace is Algernon.

Sir Oliv. Indeed!

Lady Cyp. Preserve my Emily from him—save her from Algernon!

Sir Oliv. Is Algernon then born to be a curse to both of us?

Lady Cyp. Explain yourself.

Sir Oliv. He is your nephew, therefore I was silent; but if he's dangerous to your peace of mind, to mine he's fatal—in one word, the wound of which my hapless Lionel now languishes was given by the hand of Algernon.

Lady Cyp. Horrible wretch!—his murderer.—

Sir Oliv. I say not that; for modern courtesy gives not that name to duellists, and honour sanctifies their bloody deeds.

Lady Cyp. Away with all such honour! Truth disfavours it, nature revolts from it, religion denounces it—Oh! he is born to be my shame and torment.

Sir Oliv. Be patient for a while; suspend your judgment.

Lady Cyp. No, I regard a duellist with horror; I hold him as an agent of the enemy of mankind, sent to disturb society, and rend the parent's and the widow's hearts asunder: one action, one only action, and that a doubtful one, had met my ear in favour of that wretch whom I call nephew, and henceforth even that one I totally discredit, and renounce him.

Sir Oliv. Hold, I conjure you. In the midst of wrath let us remember justice. I, like you, abhor a duellist profess; yet I am taught by long experience how to make allowances for younger spirits, and warmer passions, that will not submit to meet the world's contempt, and scorn its prejudices.

Lady Cyp. Away! you talk this language by profession; reason declares against it.

Sir Oliv. Reason demands that we should pause
in

in judgment. When two men draw their swords upon each other, reason will tell us one must be to blame; but ere we fix the blame upon that one, justice decrees that we should hear them both.

Lady Cyp. What says your nephew? He will speak the truth.

Sir Oliv. I should expect he would; yet I'll not wholly trust to any man's report against another in his own cause; and in this sentiment my nephew honourably coincides, for he declines all answer to my questions, and will state nothing to affect or criminate his antagonist—Hah! who is this?

ALGERNON enters.

Lady Cyp. Go, go! I did not send for you.

Alg. I know it; but I wish to speak in private with Sir Oliver Montrath.

Sir Oliv. With me? Who is this man? I do not know him. Is he one of your ladyship's domestics?

Lady Cyp. No; he made offer of his services, but upon talking with him I perceiv'd he had a list of grievances to state, and not being then at leisure, I believe I told him he might wait your coming, and make his suit to you.

Sir Oliv. And so he may—his looks plead in his cause. Is it your wish to speak with me, young man?

Alg. It is.

Sir Oliv. Alone?

Alg. Alone, if you'll permit it.

Sir Oliv. Freely; and when I can command my time, it shall be your's. I'll call for you.

Alg. I shall attend your summons.

[*Exit* ALGERNON.

Sir Oliv. I'm curious what this man can have to tell me. Do you conjecture?

Lady Cyp. There is a mystery about him. He says he is a gentleman by birth, and so far I believe him. Of what he had to tell besides I wav'd the hearing, but offer'd him relief: that did not seem his object, nor was it mine to take a gentleman into my service. But you will know the whole—shall we adjourn and see what is become of Emily?

Sir Oliv. With all my heart; and hope the mournful subject of our last interview may be no more reviv'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes.

LAWYER EARLING *meeting* ALGERNON.

Earl. So! whence come you? who are you? what's your business?

Alg. Sir, I don't know you.

Earl. Not know me? that's much. You must be new indeed.

Alg. Are you that worthy gentleman Mr. Earing?

Earl. I am the very person.

Alg. Heaven reward you! Your fame is founded forth thro' all the county.

Earl. Are you not hir'd to wait on Miss Fitzallan?

Alg. No, Sir, my character don't seem to recommend me to the Lady Cypres. If you wou'd speak for me 'twou'd make my fortune.

Earl. How can I speak for you, whom I don't know?

Alg.

Alg. 'Twould be as easy as to speak against me.

Earl. But I do neither; I have no concern with you or with your character.

Alg. Indeed! they told me you was famous for it.

Earl. For what is it I'm famous?

Alg. For speaking about characters you've no concern with; therefore I pray you, sir, take mine in hand, and do me justice. I suspect some villain has cruelly defam'd me.—Doesn't an action lie for that at law?

Earl. Go! you're a fool; begone!

Alg. I am a fool to ask a knave for justice.

[*Exit.*

Earl. Knave! do you call me knave? I'll trounce you, firrah! I'll blow you to the moon, audacious beggar! Ah, master Doctor, do you know that rascal?

SCUD enters.

Scud. I know several rascals, but which of them do you mean?

Earl. That impudent new comer, that mad fellow, that dares to insult me in my lady's house.—Call me a knave indeed, and to my face—did you ever hear such insolence?

Scud. Never, never: If he had only said it behind your back, why 'twere but quid pro quo; it would have pass'd; but to your face—Oh monstrous!

Earl. I'll set him in the stocks; I'll have his ears nailed to the whipping post.

Scud. No, don't do that; if whipping-posts had ears, they'd hear the cries of those that are tied to them, and pity them.

Earl. Pooh! you're as great a fool as he me-

thinks: I've done with you.—Look to yourself, Sir Gallipot, your reign will not be long on this ground, take my word for it. [Exit.

Scud. There, there, there! I'm blown up, ousted, all is over with me. Thought to have had my lady's custom till her death—perceive now she will be one of the few patients that out live my prescriptions.—Oh fine work, fine work!

ALGERNON enters.

Alg. How now, friend Scud; what ails you?

Scud. Friend! call me fool. I'm ruin'd by my friendship. You've play'd the devil's dance with that damn'd lawyer, and set him whip and spur upon my back.

Alg. Why that's his proper place: back-biting is his trade.

Scud. And what's my trade, do you think? where shall I drive it? my gallipots may grow into the shelves for everlasting, if I'm to be made the cat's-paw of your schemes and foolish Jenny's—but I'll go tell my lady all about you.

Alg. No, no, you'll not do that, my little Scud.

Scud. I'll tell you what I won't do—lose my customer.

Alg. Aye, but consider what an ornament your ears are to your head, and you'll lose them incontinently if you betray me.

Scud. My ears indeed! look to your own; the lawyer has sworn to nail them to the whipping post. I've got a wig, so have not you, my master. Besides, I'm not quite certain but my lady's custom will be the greater loss.—She takes a world of physic.

SIMON SINGLE enters.

Simon. Who talks of physic? I've the best of medicines—a case of old canary, which my lady has order'd us to tap, and drink a welcome to our noble guest, Sir Oliver Montrath.—I've put my lips to it: 'tis supernaculum.

Scud. I see you have; I see 'tis supernaculum, for some of it has got under your wig already.

Simon. My wig; no, no, Dame Dorothy set that awry with a kind cuff o'the ear.

Scud. You put your lips to her too, it should seem.

Simon. Perhaps I did, but that's all buckram, Doctor. Ah Henry, give me your hand. Stand fast, my gallant hearts; lo, where she comes again, a portly sail right on upon our convoy. My life upon't, she's bound to the Canaries.

Mrs. DOROTHY enters.

Dor. Oh thou rash youth, thou hast undone thyself. Earling has vow'd thy ruin.

Scud. He has vow'd my ruin too, and that is one of the few vows that he will keep religiously.

Dor. Ah, he's a carnal man; he'll swallow up this castle and it's fortunes,

Simon. I hope the turrets of it will stick by the way, and choak him. He sha'n't swallow the canary in it however; we'll be beforehand with him at that sport.

Scud. I would I had the cooking of one dose for him. I wish he'd swallow that. It shou'd be a settler,

Dor. What has he done by Harry Algernon? There's malice for you; there's a batch of mischief;

blasted his character, garbled his fortune, and turn'd my lady's heart to stone against him.

Simon. Flint, iron, adamant—I told her so—Madam, said I, the gentleman is wrong'd; the neighbours, where he lives, all give him a good word, the gentry love him, his father doats on him, the poor adore him: there is but one bad character 'twixt him and your attorney—Judge you, said I, which party it belongs to.

Alg. Did you say this?

Simon. I did.

Alg. Then you're an honest fellow.

Simon. I know that well enough. Yes, I did say it.

Scud. How did she take it?

Simon. As she takes your physic—gulp'd and made wry faces; but it went down.

Scud. I hope 'twill stay by her.

Simon. I hope it will, and when we've drank confusion to attorneys, I'll deal her out another dose a little stronger. Damn it!—no, hold, I will not swear—I'll do it coolly—come, we'll call a council in the Canaries.

Scud. Agreed; I'll drink myself into a little courage, and have a word with the old lass myself.

Simon. Come on, my hearts! Henry, conduct the lady. You may solicit her fair hand in safety. Jerry and I have wigs. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE *changes,*

Lady CYPRESS, EMILY, Sir OLIVER MONTRATH, EARLING,

Lady Cyp. Now, Emily, you see what misery that wicked man has brought upon us all.

Emily. I'm sorry for Sir Oliver's misfortune.

Lady Cyp. I hope you have also pity for the sufferer.

Emily. I trust I have for all that merit it.

Earl. I'm sure Miss Emily will not attempt to extenuate the guilt of such an action.

Emily. You may be sure I never will defend a guilty person, knowing him for such; be you as careful how you criminate an absent man, till you have proofs against him. [*To Sir OLIVER.*] Sir, you are silent; I should wish to know if you have any thing to urge against him.

Sir Oliv. Nothing, my dear, I'm listening with attention, and therefore silent. I should be sorry were you less unwilling to give up your opinion of a man who render'd you such service.

Lady Cyp. What service? Earling, you have heard the story; let us hear what you have to say upon it.

Earl. If Miss Fitzallan will suffer me to put a simple question to her.

Emily. By all means; put your question.

Earl. When Mr. Algernon, by happy chance, came in so opportunely to her rescue, can Miss Fitzallan say what brought him thither so far from his own home?

Emily. I never ask'd what caus'd him to be there, nor did he tell me.

Earl. We'll call it then a very happy chance without a cause, or a most fortunate presentiment that somewhere in that grove there would be found a damsel in the power of some vile ruffian, whom he was doom'd to rescue. Some people might suppose
this

this a collusion, but Miss Fitzallan can remove all doubts by telling us who was the villain that offer'd her that violence.

Sir Oliv. Can you do this, my Emily?

Emily. I cannot.

Earl. Did Mr. Algernon know who he was?

Emily. I do not think he did.

Earl. Did he secure his person?

Emily. No; his care was wholly turn'd to me; the man he left upon the ground, and, as it seem'd, disabled.

Earl. I have done: I leave it to the court to judge.

Lady Cyp. A barefac'd trick. It is too palpable.

Sir Oliv. Who can say that?—Let Mr. Algernon speak for himself.

Earl. Speak!

Sir Oliv. Aye, you have spoke, and should not he? That's justice, is it not?

Earl. Did you always find it so where you have been, Sir Oliver?

Sir Oliv. Whether I found it so or not, I felt it.

Emily. Now, Mr. Earling, you may put those questions, you've press'd on me, to Mr. Algernon. Perhaps he'll answer them.

Lady Cyp. Emily, Emily, you forget yourself.

Emily. Madam, I should, if I forbore to speak, when charges such as these are urg'd against an absent, therefore a defenceless, man. You have not allow'd him to approach you, madam; this gentleman, equally unknown to him, prejudices him at once; he is ingenious to find out bad motives for good actions; there's not a virtue in the human heart

heart but may be metamorphos'd by such cunning into a vice. Sir Oliver has said, and said it in the language of a hero—*Let Mr. Algernon speak for himself.*

Sir Oliv. And I repeat those words.—Let him be heard!—However circumstances bear against him, and wretched tho' he has made me, still I hold it matter of conscience never to prejudge, however strong the grounds of my suspicion.

Lady Cyp. Sir Oliver, we do not think alike, and therefore with your leave we'll cut this subject short. Emily will retire—a little recollection will be useful to shew the error of some rash opinions and amend them. Go, child, remember I have now a right to look for the obedience of a daughter.

Emily. And I to expect the mildness of a mother.

[*Exit.*

Lady Cyp. And now, Sir Oliver, with your permission I will dispatch a little business with my agent, and leave you to fulfil your promise to that young man, who I perceive is waiting to approach you. Follow me, Mr Earling.

[*Exeunt Lady CYPRESS and EARLING.*

Sir Oliv. See here a sample of the blessings of dependance!—Poor orphan Emily, 'tis now my turn to prove that I am worthy to be call'd friend of thy gallant father.

ALGERNON *appears.*

Oh! come in, come in, young man! I promis'd you a hearing, and I'll make good my word; but as my mind is press'd with many matters, be short and to the point.—

Alg.

Alg. I will. Your nephew has had an affair with Mr. Algernon, and is wounded. You have visited him no doubt. Has he related to you the particulars of that unpleasent business?

Sir Oliv. Before I answer, let me know who it is that questions me.

Alg. My father lives upon the lands of Sir George Algernon, and I have some acquaintance with his son, the person whose unlucky chance it was to wound your nephew.

Sir Oliv. And what's your motive for the question that you now put to me?

Alg. I am no stranger to your character, and if you know the circumstances of that duel, I trust you will not suffer Mr. Earling to misrepresent them to the Lady Cypress.

Sir Oliver. Certainly I shou'd not, if I knew the truth, suffer it to be disguis'd; but I have no particulars from my nephew. The affair remains a mystery. Can you develope it?

Alg. If Lady Cypress will permit me to stay this night, as she has promis'd, and you can bring me to an explanation with her in your presence, I can so far elucidate this mystery, that if you still persist to trace it home you shall have full possession of the means.

Sir Oliv. I hardly should expect it at your hands; nor where my nephew's honour is concern'd shall I be easily induc'd to listen to other evidence than that of facts, incontrovertibly attested, and (I am free to say) admitted on his part.

Alg. 'Tis to such facts and such authorities I shall appeal.

Sir Oliv. And do you mean to criminate my nephew?

Alg. Pardon me, fir, I have no other meaning but to declare the truth.

Sir Oliv. Have you the means to know it? Was you present at the rencontre?

Alg. If it appears that I have not the means to know the truth, or knowingly disguise it, treat me as I deserve; I'm in your hands.

Sir Oliv. Well, fir, I'll urge no further questions on you, but use my interest with the Lady Cypress to procure you the interview you wish. Now fail not on your part: you know me, fir; I trust to you unknown.

Alg. Poor as I seem, I have a soul within that never yet was tainted by dishonour.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF ACT III.



A C T IV.

*Lady CYPRESS, EMILY FITZALLAN, and
EARLING.*

Lady CYPRESS.

WELL, child, I have here the instrument, that makes you rich above the dreams of avarice. I have not executed it, for that depends on you; I have not cancell'd it, because this gentleman, your steady friend, has interceded with me to recal you once more to recollection and atonement.

Emily.

Emily. For what must I atone ?

Lady Cyp. For your intemperate defence of Algernon. Guilty or innocent, no more of him ! Where I bestow my fortune I expect to find no opposition to my will in the disposal of it.

Emily. What is your will in that respect ?

Lady Cyp. This is my will—If Lionel Montrath survives his wound, he is the man I destine for my heirs. To this if you declare instant assent I shall as instantly confirm this paper ; if not, I cancel it, and cast you off.

Emily. Not all the world cou'd bribe me to do that, before I know which is the offending party. What baseness, what ingratitude were mine, to give my hand to him that wrong'd the brave preserver of my life and honour !

Lady Cyp. Obstinate girl, you have no such preserver. Have not I told you it was mere collusion ?

Emily. Madam, you have ; but I am not convinc'd, because you told me so by your attorney, not from your own knowledge and conviction.

Lady Cyp. What will convince you ?

Emily. Proof well established, and all parties heard.

Lady Cyp. You to make terras that call'd yourself my daughter ! Where is your duty ?

Emily. Inviolatè, unbroken:—I shall ever bear you respect and true devotion for your goodness ; but no parent, no patroness, not even my father, to whose awful spirit I now appeal, cou'd have the power, or cou'd possess the right to tear away affections from my heart, which honour, gratitude,
have

have planted there, or force me to conspire with that bad man in stripping Algernon of fame and fortune, and fixing artifice, deceit, and murder upon a man so near to you in blood, in nature so abhorrent of those crimes:

Lady Cyp. You are mad; I have done with you; I cast you off. Now, Mr. Earling, take away your papers; they, or the thankless object they allude to, must be entirely chang'd before I sign them.

[*Exit.*]

Earl. Miss Emily, it grieves me to the heart to have heard what now has pass'd. Indeed you wrong me if you suppose I am the author of this fatal breach. I am no otherwise the enemy of Mr. Algernon than as I am your friend; in very truth I'm not his enemy,

Emily. Sir, for your enmity to Mr. Algernon, and so much of your friendship as flows from it, I pray you let them go together; I have no use for either.

Earl. Do you scorn me because I pity you?

Emily. You pity me! There cannot be that state of human wretchedness which cou'd reduce me to accept your pity. I wonder you can waste your time with one, who neither courts your favour, fears your power, nor credits your professions.

Earl. Well, haughty madam, I have been a friend, and I can be a foe. [Exit.]

ALGERNON *enters.*

Alg. My Emily, my angel, what is this I've heard? Discarded, disinherited—and for your generosity to me.

Emily. Yes, Algernon, I'm poor, but free. I was a prisoner

a prisoner in a gaudy cage, where they wou'd fair have taught me to call names, and whistle to a tune of Earling's making; but being a bad bird, and obstinate, my keeper let me fly; and now I've got the wide world for my portion, and nothing but my own small wits to trust to for picking up a living.

Alg. Fly to me, perch on my breast, for in my heart you'll find both shelter and affection.

Emily. Ah, that is generous, gallant, like yourself; but 'tis not yet a time for me to hear you. The asylum that you offer is attack'd, the very citadel of your life and honour is besieg'd by assailants, and you must beat them off, my hero, or I have sacrific'd myself to ruin without the enjoyment of that honest pride which glories in the cause for which it suffers.

Alg. Doubt me not, Emily, the shield of truth covers my breast, and I'm invulnerable.

Emily. Earling accuses you of a collusion with my unknown assailant in the wood—

Alg. I'm arm'd against that charge.

Emily. And for your wounding of Montrath, he calls it assassination—There I shou'd fear you are not so well arm'd, having no seconds to appeal to, and therefore more expos'd to his attack.

Alg. Let him come on; at all points I defy him. Now, my sweet advocate, repose in peace, and wait the event.

Emily. Farewell! If I am ruin'd in the cause of truth I'll not regret the sacrifice. [Exit.]

Alg. Heroic Emily, how I adore you—Hah! Jerry, whence come you?

JERRY SCUD *enters.*

Scud. From the Canaries, where the illustrious major-domo governs, and drinking is a duty by the laws of the sage Solon of the cellars, the profound Diogenes of the tubs, of whose academy I am a member.

Alg. You've not betray'd me in your cups, I hope.

Scud. Betray'd you! no, if you had fir'd the house, burnt the old lady in it, and violated the virgin purity of dame Buckram, I'd not betray you—D—n it! I scorn a sneaker; I loath him worse than physic—Go on, my boy, and fear not—I am steady.

Alg. Pretty well for that. You've had a sip or two with honest Simon.

Scud. Simon's a fish; Dame Buckram is a leech; fills where she fastens, and delights in suction: I honour her for her absorbent qualities, and I pronounce that they are silly apes and ignoramuffes that say wine gets into the head—'tis false—I say it gets into the heart; it drives ill humour, melancholy, treason, and a whole gang of cowardly companions out of a man, as a carminative does crudities and indigestion: it wou'd have set my constitution clear, only there's one thing sticks—

Alg. What's that, my honest fellow? Out with it.

Scud. Why then 'tis jealousy—and that you know is a confounded spasm—

Alg. Away with it at once! Why, man, you don't know half your happiness; you have the best wife in the country—Oh! if you cou'd have heard her pine for you last night; she wou'dn't hear of comfort—

Scud. Indeed, indeed! May I believe you, squire? May I be sure I'm not the horned beast?

Alg. None of my making, Jerry, on my honour.

Scud. O jubilate! then I kick the clouds. Good bye, good bye to you. Let me embrace you. All luck attend you. I'm going to my lady; if I can throw in a provocative to stir her in your favour I will do it; I will upon my soul! Good bye to you!

Alg. Stop, Jerry; hold your hand, my gallant fellow! I am too much your friend to let you go to Lady Cypress in your present state. Why, man, you are tipsy.

Scud. Say drunk, and you'll not say more than is true; but then it is I cure my patients; when I am only sober I let them cure themselves. [*Exit.*

Alg. Well, get you gone; I am not bound to find reason for him that will not keep his own.

[*Exit ALG.*

SCENE *changes.*

Lady CYPRESS, RACHEL WILLIAMS.

Lady Cyp. Come hither, Rachel, I wou'd speak with you. When I promoted you to be about the person of Miss Emily Fitzallan, it was because I saw you was attached to her, and I was willing to do her a grace by thus preferring you. If you must now fall back into your station, it is not that I have withdrawn my favour from you, but from your mistress.

Rachel. I know it, madam; all your people know it, for Mr. Earling has announc'd it to us; but I must beg your ladyship to excuse me if I decline all service but Miss Emily's.

Lady

Lady Cyp. What shou'd enable her to keep a servant?

Rachel. Then she will stand in the more need of me; I'll work my fingers to the bone to serve her. Your ladyship may turn me from your doors, but I will say that Mr. Earling's a base cruel man, and when he has driven all your relations from you, your ladyship will find your house a desert, and nothing but a villain left within it. [*Exit.*]

Lady Cyp. Out of my sight! begone! Such insolence is not to be endur'd—yet Earling is to blame to publish this to all my family. So! what comes next?

(*Mrs. BUCKRAM enters.*)

Buck. Madam, I've serv'd your ladyship too long to bear the arrogance of Mr. Earling. I beg to be discharg'd; I'll not live in the house with one who drives Miss Emily out of your doors, tells such monstrous lies of Mr. Algernon, and sets your ladyship against all your friends and relations.

Lady Cyp. Who made you a judge in matters that concern me only? When you are cool I'll hear you. I know you have been junketing and caballing with Rachel Williams, and the rest of them—prythee retire!

Buck. That's what I mean to do, and others beside me, or I'm mistaken. We respect your ladyship, but we can't put up with your attorney. [*Exit.*]

(*EARLING enters whilst this is saying.*)

Lady Cyp. There, Mr. Earling, you hear what is said against you—Murmurs, complaints, invectives from all quarters—

Earl. No wonder, when that Henry Scudamore,

whom I suspect to be a secret agent of your unworthy nephew's, sets them on to blacken and arraign me. Madam, he has had the insolence to give me the worst of names.

Lady Cyp. Then give him his dismissal—send him away at once.

Earl. It shall be done. [Exit EARLING.]

Lady Cyp. Oh, that Sir Oliver had postpon'd his visit to his nephew but one hour!

SCUD appears.

Ah, prythee, prythee, do not plague me now. What brings you hither?

Scud. Duty, my lady, duty—want to hear how the draughts have agreed.

Lady Cyp. 'Tis plain how your draughts have agreed—the operation's visible; no matter about mine.

Scud. Oh pardon me, there is great matter—spar'd for no pains—employ'd the best of drugs—hope I have given content—but rumours fly—no parrying defamation—a man may be accus'd behind his back, and who can stand it?

Lady Cyp. What rumours do you allude to? Who has accus'd you?

Scud. I don't know who may have accus'd me, my lady; I wish to heaven I cou'd say I have accus'd nobody.

Lady Cyp. What do you mean?

Scud. Oh dear, madam, I am troubled with the heart-ache; I have a lacerated conscience.

Lady Cyp. You have a loaded head, I perceive; more wine in it than wit.

Scud. True, my lady; it is so full I can no longer hide the truth within it. Out it must come, and true it is, I have slander'd Mr. Algeron. He sav'd my life, and I have stabb'd his character.

Lady Cyp. You don't know what you say—you're tipsy.

Scud. I wish I had been tipsy when I spoke of him; then I shou'd have told the truth.

Lady Cyp. Go your ways; get you gone! a man that is in two stories shou'd be credited for neither. You made him out to me a compound of all vices.

Scud. That was the very vilest compound that ever came out of my hands; but lawyer Earling put a lie into my mouth, and like a gilded pill of loathsome quality I swallow'd it, and now it makes me sick.

Lady Cyp. Begone! I will no longer be insulted with your apothecary's jargon. Never enter my doors again.

Scud. I hope your ladyship will give me leave to enter my own. Oh honesty, honesty! it's very pleasant to speak the truth, but a man is sure to lose his customers by it. [Exit SCUD.

(SIMON SINGLE enters.)

Lady Cyp. Heyday, Simon! and you too! I'll have my cellar doors wall'd up, if I am to be troubled with all the tipsy companions that resort to them.

Simon. Venerable lady, I am not inebriated. What I may be, if you wall up your cellar doors, and me within them, I can't pretend to say. I

may in that case drink to support life, as I have now been tasting a glass, by your permission, to celebrate this mournful festival.

Lady Cyp. How can it be a festival and mournful? You know not what you say.

Simon. Pardon me, pardon me, most incomparable lady. A festival it must be, because you are pleas'd to order us to be merry—Mournful it surely is, because your attorney makes us sad.

Lady Cyp. You see he is in my interest, and you are all in league against him.

Simon. No, no, no, my lady; 'tis not because he is in your interest we are leagu'd against him—your interest has been ever dearer to me than my own. If you turn me out of your doors this night, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and appeal to the Giver of it, that I never wrong'd you of a farthing; and, tho' a poor servant, scorn to cringe and lie and vilify an absent man, as he has done. Madam, you are abus'd; the county wou'd rise up against him, if they knew what he has said of Mr. Algernon—so much is your nephew belov'd.

Lady Cyp. Come, come, I know who tells you so—'tis Henry Scudamore, and no one else.

Simon. Pray, madam, be no more deceiv'd, but hear and judge for yourself. If it was the last word I had to utter, I wou'd say, and say it to his face, that lawyer Earling is a falsifier and a defamer.

Lady Cyp. Go, stop him from discharging Henry Scudamore; don't let him leave the house till I have seen him.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E *changes.*EARLING *enters.*

Earl. Where is this Henry Scudamore? I've hunted the whole house over for the fellow. If he is not driven out before this night, my post will not be tenable to-morrow; we shall have Algernon brought in in triumph upon the shoulders of his partisans, and all my labours blasted in a moment. Hah! here's the man of all men for my purpose; this surly fellow has the mastiff's property; shew him his prey, and he will fasten on it—

FRANK *enters.*

Come hither, Frank; a word with you.

Frank. What is your pleasure, master?

Earl. Do you know a loose fellow, an interloper that came to seek a place, but brought no character; a vagabond it shou'd seem, that calls himself Henry Scudamore?

Frank. Yes, I know Henry Scudamore.

Earl. Well, honest Frank, you see that he came here for no good purpose; and it is not fit he shou'd be let to stay and take the bread out of the mouths of better than himself.

Frank. There's bread enough for all of us me-thinks.

Earl. What then? what then? you're not a man, we'll hope, to be afraid of such a wafer cake as he is, Frank.

Frank. I'm afraid of no man.

Earl. Why then, my hearty Frank, I give you orders to turn him bodily out of this house, for which I have my lady's authority.

Frank. What has he done that I shou'd turn him out ?

Earl. He has insulted me, traduc'd my character, and set me at defiance.

Frank. Has he done this ?

Earl. He has.

Frank. Then let him stay for me—I will not touch him ; I honour him for his spirit. They call me surly Frank, and so I am if any man affronts me ; but I'll be no attorney's catch-pole, lookye ! And as for turning out, if that's your game, there's but one man I'll do that office for, and that's yourself, my master—There you have it. [*Exit.*

Earl. Impudent varlet ! the contagion's general if he has caught it. The whole swarm's upon me, and I must stand their buzzing ; as for their stings I'm not in fear of them so long as I can keep the queen of the hive in my possession.

(ALGERNON enters.)

Oho ! I have lit upon you at last. Harkye, sir, you Henry Scudamore, whom nobody knows, decamp, pack up your wallet, and betake yourself nobody cares whither. Off ! the Lady Cypress warns you off—begone !

Alg. Go back and say to Lady Cypress, when she sends her warning by a proper messenger, I will obey her.

Earl. Why, who am I ? What do you take me for ?

Alg. A wretch beneath my notice—a defamer,

(SIMON enters.)

Simon. Well met, friend Henry, 'tis my lady's orders

orders that you don't leave the house 'till she has seen you.

Earl. Sot, you are drunk. You never had such orders.

Simon. I had no orders—very well! And I'm a sot, I'm drunk—why, very well!—So much for me, now for yourself—you are no sot; you're sober Mr. Earling the attorney; you're never drunk, for no man will drink with you; you never make mistakes about your orders, for you are under orders from the old one never to speak the truth, and faithfully adhere to your instructions.

Earl. This to my face?

Simon. Oh yes, I never saw a face better intitled to the compliment. I only wish to see it face to face with Harry Algernon, and then perhaps your face may be promoted, where I may treat it with an egg or two.

Alg. Go, go, unhappy man; it can't be pleasant to hear yourself describ'd so faithfully.

Earl. I'll not go—I summon you before the Lady Cypress—she'll do me justice—she'll avenge my wrongs. Here comes Sir Oliver—I appeal to him.

(*Sir OLIVER enters.*)

Sir Oliv. What is the matter?

Earl. These fellows have insulted me most grossly.

Sir Oliv. You are a lawyer. You have your redrefs.

Earl. Sir, 'tis above redrefs by any law.

Sir Oliv. Then put it up and seek redrefs from patience. That is a remedy for all complaints.

Earl. I hope I've better remedies than patience—I warrant I'll exterminate these insolents. I'll pluck

pluck 'em root and branch out of this house, and hurl 'em to the dunghill that they sprung from.

Sir Oliv. Go then and set about it. Leave me, fir, I've business with this gentleman.

Earl. This gentleman, forsooth! this gentleman— [Exit.

Simon. Well, he may be a gentleman for me, only he lets the bottle stand too long, and takes no pity on his company, that wish to give it motion—that's not quite like a gentleman methinks—else he may be a sober sort of a gentleman—but not a lord—no, no, at least he'll never be as drunk as a lord. [Exit.

Sir Oliv. Now, fir, I've seen my nephew since we last convers'd. You ask'd me then if I had been inform'd of the particulars of that rencontre, and by the motives you assign'd for the enquiry, I shou'd suppose you know some circumstances of that dark affair.

Alg. The whole correctly.

Sir Oliv. Indeed! I hardly shou'd have thought that Mr. Algernon wou'd have reveal'd the whole to any but his nearest and most confidential friend.

Alg. Nor has he; it remains still in his bosom an inviolable secret, though known to me.

Sir Oliv. You mean to say that secrets in your keeping are secure. I have my nephew's story as you have Algernon's, and shou'd be glad, with your consent, to compare them with each other.

Alg. They cannot differ, for my account is drawn up by your nephew, and being sign'd by him, he neither can, nor will depart from it.

Sir Oliv. You much amaze me, fir, that Mr. Algernon shou'd give a paper of such consequence out of his hand. I greatly wish to see it.

Alg. Wou'd it relieve your mind at the same time to see and talk with Algernon himself?

Sir Oliv. Oh infinitely, if I cou'd obtain it.

Alg. Then with a man of honour 'twou'd be mean to trifle any longer—I am Algernon.

Sir Oliv. How!—Algernon!—may I believe you?—

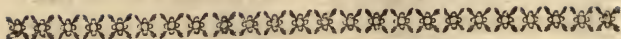
Alg. You shall not doubt me—There's your nephew's paper—No eye but your's has seen it from my hand.

Sir Oliv. Sir!—Mr. Algernon—I ask your pardon—I am satisfied—but can you be unknown, and in this house?

Alg. I never enter'd it before this day, nor to my knowledge ever saw my aunt 'till I appear'd before her in this habit, which I shall now put off—but hark! we shall be interrupted here—Can't we retire to a more private place?

Sir Oliv. To my apartment—if you'll be pleas'd to follow me.—Ah! fir, ah! Mr. Algernon, how hard to find, now at the close of a long life of services, all it's enjoyments, all it's labours lost.

END OF ACT IV.



A C T V.

SCENE, *the Castle Hall.*

JERRY SCUD and JENNY.

SCUD.

WELL, well, well! jewel Jenny, here we are for the last time: farewell visits, to be sure, are melancholy matters; but we have many good friends in the castle still, and tho' I am thrown out of the cabinet, I have kept up my interest in the kitchen.

Jenny. Aye, and in the county too, when it shall be known that you have forfeited my lady's favour by speaking up for Mr. Algernon; he is so much pitied and belov'd by all men, that your neighbours will sham sick on purpose to employ you.

Scud. To say the truth, I have sometimes thought that was my lady's only complaint; but I took care my physic should not cure her of it; and my comfort is that nobody of the faculty will profit by my loss; for when she leaves off my medicines she'll find herself too well to employ a doctor.

Jenny. Come, come, Jerry, she'll not leave off you nor your medicines. If you can get to the speech of her, a little coaxing, and a submissive apology, will set all things right.

Scud. No, no, jewel Jenny, she'll hear no apology, and therefore I have express'd myself more at large
in

in my bill—Here it is, here it is—It's a bouncer; isn't it?

Jenny. Yes, marry, if she has patience to go through this she'll find you have enough to say for yourself; but I suspect, Jerry, this argument is a little too much on one side.

Scud. Turn over the leaf, and you'll find a great deal more on the other side.

SIMON SINGLE and Mrs. DOROTHY BUCKRAM.
Ah my good friends, my good friends! this is the most doleful visit I ever made to the castle. Jenny can witness I have pass'd a sleepless night: that incubus of an attorney rode upon me like the night-mare.

Buck. Rode indeed! Set a beggar on horseback, and where will he not ride?

Scud. I attempted to put a cracker under his tail, but it burst in my hand, and I only burnt my own fingers without finging him.

Simon. Let him go; the road he travels is all down-hill, and when he comes to his journey's end, he'll find those that will put crackers enough under his tail, I warrant me.

Dor. As for me, a jackdaw in a cage has a better life of it than I have, for he may cry rogue, and not be chidden for it—We shall all be turn'd away: I lay my account to be sent going for one.

Simon. Thirty years I have pass'd within these walls, and I would sooner pass the rest of my days within the walls of a prison than live in a house where scurrility is care's'd and plain speaking turn'd out of doors—Hah! who comes here?

ALGERNON enters in his own Dress.

Buck. Bless the good mark! our Henry—No—
Yes, fure 'tis Henry; how comes this to pass?

Alg. I'm order'd to attend upon my lady, so I
put on my best.

Simon. Hark ye, my friend, if it is not your
own, bad is your best. Let us have no false fea-
thers. Where did you get this suit?

Alg. 'Tis Harry Algernon's. He and I wear
the same cloaths: one tailor serves us both—Isn't
it true, Jerry?

Scud. It is, it is, and the same measure fits you.

Simon. I don't know what you mean.

Alg. Then I'll inform you. Here are but two
of you in company that do not know me; you are
both my friends, my generous, zealous friends, for
which I thank you, and come in person hither to
convince you that Algernon is not that worthless
man, which calumny has painted him to be.

Buck. Heaven's grace light on you, if indeed
you are that injur'd gentleman.

Scud. Oh by my soul, he is the very man: you
may take that upon my word for truth.

Simon. I saw it; I said it; I knew he was a gen-
tleman: Now we have got that attorney in a
trap.

Jenny. Yes, yes, he'll make that Earling shrink
into his hole.

Simon. Hang him, polecat, I'll smoke him out of
it. Oh! the inconceivable lies that miscreant has
told of a gentleman he does not know even by
sight. I pray you, sir, don't discover yourself to
him, till we have had him up before my lady—

Methinks

Methinks I hear her say, Simon, I am convinc'd that lawyer is a rascal—Turn him out!

Buck. Aye, we'll all lend a helping hand to that.

Scud. Yes, or a helping foot, if that is wanted. I have one at his service.

Simon. Bless you, my worthy master, bless you heartily! I hope I have said nothing to affront you; I was a little by the head just now, but that's over.

Alg. So is not my remembrance. I shall ever prize you as my best of friends.

Simon. Lord love you, we are all your friends; we are all Algernons and Anti-Earlings.

Buck. And when the election comes, we'll wear your colours.

Scud. Only put me in office on that day: let me be surgeon-general to the enemy, and I'll engage they shall have more freeholders in the hospital than at the hustings. I'll scour their consciences, I warrant me.

Alg. Now, my good friends, keep secret what has pass'd, and wait the event in silence—Here comes one, a gentle advocate, whom I would fain speak to apart.

Simon. We are gone; we are gone! All happiness befall you! [Exeunt all but ALGERNON.

EMILY FITZALLAN enters.

Emily. Bless me! you've chang'd your habit.

Alg. Yes, my charmer—In chace 'tis lawful to hang out false colours, but when we are clear'd and going into action we must shew what we are.

Emily.

Emily. Right, and where truth unfolds her standard, victory must follow.

Alg. And what should follow victory? What but the glorious prize for which I struggle? that prize which fortune, aiming to impoverish, has only made more rich in my esteem—that generous heart, that sacrific'd for me interest, for which so many sacrifice themselves. Now call to mind those words so heavenly sweet, which you left with me, whilst the ingenuous blush glow'd on your cheek—"Henry, I live for you!"

Emily. Ah! that was then the only way I had to reinstate you in your property; and, tho' it cost a blush to say those words, still I could say them, for I scorn'd to rob you—but to repeat them now wou'd be—Oh heaven!—it would be every thing but false, my Henry.

Alg. Then let me take that truth into a heart, of which no human power can dispossess you.

Emily. I hope not, Henry, for take that away and I am poor indeed.

Alg. 'Tis your's for ever—and believe me, dear one, if my too credulous aunt has not outliv'd her reason, she will see the injustice of her own decisions and revoke them. For my exclusion she may have some plea; our families have been at suit for years, and law will cut asunder closer ties than those existing between her and me; but of her motives for discarding you, take my word, Emily, she'll soon repent.

Emily. It is not that I fear her worthless favourite; the wretch has brought a storm upon his head, and has already had some heavy shocks—but my worst fears point to another quarter.

Alg.

Alg. I understand you. 'Tis Montrath you dread.

Emily. I could not temporize; I spoke too plainly. Indignant of the claim she made upon me, I set her power too boldly at defiance, and challeng'd her to cancel her bequest.

Alg. You must consult Sir Oliver upon this: I cannot speak upon Montrath's affair even to you.

Emily. I see you either cannot or you will not, therefore I ask no questions, well persuaded you never would take arms against the life of any man and know yourself in fault.

Alg. I hope I shan't be found to have so done—but look! here comes Sir Oliver.—I'll leave you; he may perhaps be less reserv'd than I am.

[Exit ALGERNON.]

Sir OLIVER MONTRATH enters.

Sir Oliv. Was not that Algernon?

Emily. You know him, sir, it seems—

Sir Oliv. I think I do; I have cause to know him.

Emily. Ah, sir, you speak so mournfully, I fear you have found no comfort in your visit to your nephew.

Sir Oliv. Small comfort—Yet the danger of his wound is much abated.

Emily. Then I'm afraid you have, or think you have, some cause of anger against Algernon.

Sir Oliv. No, Emily, no anger against him. You cannot think too well of Algernon, tho' I could wish you had not put your thoughts in language quite so warm.

Emily. 'Twas indiscreet, but that defamer urg'd me, and put me off my guard.

Sir Oliv. Cou'dn't you find another and a stronger cause that put you off your guard? Is there not a certain passion, which our hearts are subject to, that neither keeps a guard upon itself, nor suffers any to be kept against it?

Emily. If I should answer that as truth would prompt me, shou'dn't I expose myself to another reproof for want of caution?

Sir Oliv. No; for so far from thinking with my lady, that you have chosen ill, I think with you that you could no where make a better choice—And more than this—was your brave father living, and knew what I know of your Algernon, he would approve your judgment.

Emily. As I am sure you would not give that name but to a sacred truth, what you have said sanctions the character of Algernon—but does it warrant me in suffering him to make a sacrifice of interest by marrying a beggar?

Sir Oliv. You point the question wrong, and should have ask'd if it exculpates me, your father's friend, for suffering you to call yourself a beggar.—No, my dear child, it does not, nor will I permit it to be said, the daughter of the generous Fitzallan, who in the battle found me faint with wounds, and whilst he cover'd me receiv'd his death, wanted that dross which I abounded in.—This, Emily, this never should be said; so come with me, and don't oppose one word to my resolves; for in an act of honour I will pause at no man's bidding, no, my pretty one, nor yet at any woman's, tho' grac'd with all the charms that heaven can give her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes.*EARLING *alone.*

Now, fortune, one kind lift, and I am landed. So far success goes with me: I have nothing more to fear from Emily; that pert proud miss is silenc'd and thrown by. It now remains to sweep those menial vermin out my way, those insects that annoy me: old Sir Oliver, that blusters about justice, is a hypocrite; he cannot be a friend to Algernon; and yet he troubles me, takes up my seat at table, occupies the ear of the old lady, and obstructs my suit, which stood so fair, that if I could but seize one lucky moment, one fair opportunity.—Hah! I have found it.—Here she comes alone—Now, impudence befriend me!

Lady CYPRESS enters.

Lady Cyp. So, Mr. Earling! much as I love peace, I will not purchase it by mean concessions; I will not suffer the gentleman I esteem and trust to be affronted by my sawcy servants; they shall atone, or troop.

Earl. Most amiable, most excellent of ladies, whom with my heart I serve, honour, obey and worship; I want words to speak my gratitude.—Thus at your feet in humble adoration let me seal on this dear hand the pledge, the sacred pledge, of my unutterable, my unbounded love.

SIMON *and* DOROTHY *enter.*

Simon. Look, Dorothy, the devil's at his prayers.

Dor. I hope they're his last prayers.

Earl. Curse on their coming! what a moment lost! Madam, do you permit your menial servants thus to break in upon your private moments?

Lady Cyp. Why not? If you have any thing to add to your last speech I shall not interrupt it. You may resume your posture, and go on.

Earl. Madam, I cannot.

Lady Cyp. I can help your memory if you have lost the word. 'Twas *love, unbounded love*. When you had gone so far out of all bounds, all measure of respect, can the appearance of these silly people deter you from proceeding?

Earl. Madam, if you're offended, I have done; I'll humbly take my leave.

Lady Cyp. No, sir, I must insist upon your staying. Tho' you are foil'd to add a single word to insolence so perfect and complete, yet you shall not be robb'd of your just right, that nature gives you, to be heard in vindication of your own assertions. If you have spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, of Algernon, his character cannot be rescued, let the fate of your's be what it may.

Simon. Any thing the matter, Mr. Attorney? Afraid you are not quite well just now. You look a little pale.

Lady Cyp. Hold your tongue, foolish fellow! you, Simon, in the first place, and you next, mistress, who dare to tell me I am made the dupe of false impressions, are you not both ashamed to look this injur'd gentleman in the face?

Simon. It is a face to make a man ashamed, and we did blush to see him on his knees before your ladyship.

Lady Cyp. That's my affair, fall down on your's and ask forgiveness of him.

Simon. Pray, madam, don't command me to do that,

that, for fear I never should forgive myself.—I ask your pardon for approaching you when I was tipsy, but you bade me drink, and I was over eager to obey you.

Lady Cyp. That's easily forgiven; but your abuse of this gentleman, whom I must still call the friend of truth, is monstrous.

Simon. Madam, if that gentleman is the friend of truth, he makes very free with his friend truly. I only said he told lies to your ladyship, that's no abuse, for here come those can prove it.

Sir OLIVER MONTRATH and EMILY.

Earl. My evil genius! what does he do here?

Sir Oliv. Forgive me, my good lady, if I come to atone to you and this fair advocate for my unjust suspicions of your nephew. I have one here waiting, who'll confront that gentleman, his accuser, and, I trust, remove some false impressions that your ladyship may have imbibed from his unfounded charges. Come in, sir, if you please.

ALGERNON enters.

Lady Cyp. How now! who's this? Henry!

Sir Oliv. I claim your promise to give him hearing.

Earl. I protest against him; that fellow's an impostor: we shall not listen to his evidence.

Lady Cyp. He first came here humbly to ask for service, pleaded decay, and said he was a gentleman by birth; I pitied him, and offer'd him relief. He now has chang'd his dress, shifted his character, and claims to be an advocate for Algernon. These are suspicious circumstances, and I shou'd have some better reasons for believing him than I am yet possess'd of. Do you know any such, Sir Oliver?

Earl. Aye, fir, do you know who this champion is ?

Sir Oliv. Sir, give me leave to ask—Do you ?

Earl. Not I; I know him not.

Sir Oliv. Yet you know Algernon, are intimate with all his habits, frailties, faults, offences—have look'd into his heart, and kindly told the secrets you discover'd.—Oh thou slanderer ! Now look him in the face, and prove your charge.—Well may you start—Mark his confusion, madam !—This is your nephew, this is Algernon.

Emily. Yes, on my honour, and my brave preferver.

Lady Cyp. I am confounded.—Where is that defamer ?

Simon. Madam, he has stept aside to mend a flaw in his indictment.—How do you do, Mr. Attorney ? Come forward, if you please, and get acquainted with this gentleman's face. You knew him well enough behind his back.

Lady Cyp. Peace ! let me hear what Algernon will say in his own cause.

Sir Oliv. Speak for yourself, brave Algernon.

Alg. I am that exil'd man, whom, on the word of this defamer, tho' unknown to him even by sight, it seems, you have proscrib'd. Despairing of admission to your presence, and driven in self-defence on this resource, I took a counterfeited character, and saw what I had never been allow'd to approach—your person. Much I wish'd to speak in mitigation of your prejudice, and give a plain recital of my wrongs; but you had then no ear for such discourse, and I was told to wait your better leisure.

Lady.

Lady Cyp. All this is true—proceed.

Alg. A friend here present told me I was accus'd to you of various crimes and gross enormities. I plead to failings, to the common errors and indiscretions youth is subject to, but, I trust, I have never degraded my character or debas'd my principle; I am no gamester, as he makes me to be; no dissipater of my paternal fortune, as he insinuates; no libertine, as he asserts; and, let me add, in the hearing of Sir Oliver Monrath, I am no affassin.

Sir Oliv. It is now my duty, and a painful one I feel it, to bring to light, in vindication of an injur'd character, the guilty person, for whose shameful act no better palliation can be found than temporary madness and intoxication. The monster, from whose brutal violence the purest of heaven's creatures was preserv'd by Algernon, how shall I speak it without shame and horror! was Lionel Monrath.

Lady Cyp. I am confounded and amaz'd! Monrath!—This, if not told by you, Sir Oliver, wou'd mock belief.

Sir Oliv. Your nephew was too noble to disclose it, tho' he has in his hands a written paper sign'd by the offender for his vindication. This, I believe, he never has discover'd, even to that lady, tho' a party in it.

Emily. Never, but constantly evaded my enquiries.

Sir Oliv. To this when I shall add, that my rash nephew forc'd the duel on him in consequence of blows exchange'd between them, I trust I may with safety

safety rest his cause upon the facts adduc'd—unless indeed this gentleman has any other charge, which in his modesty he will prefer.

Earl. You'll not draw any thing from me, Sir Oliver; you may talk on; I prefer silence.

Sir Oliv. You are right; 'tis time your tongue had some repose.

Lady Cyp. Pray do not keep him longer in my sight. My nephew does not seem to hold him worthy of a retort.

Alg. No, madam, I have nothing to return him for his malicious slander, but my contempt.

Lady Cyp. If he can feel, 'tis punishment enough.

Sir Oliv. Be gone! your infamy go with you; and may no part of it adhere to your profession.

Earl. Let my profession look to itself—There are some understandings in this world made, it should seem, by nature to be duped. Had you not been so easy of belief, I had not been so forward to deceive you. Now put what name you will upon my conduct, there are such glaring instances in point, of dealers in seduction, infamy, and false impressions on credulity, as make my shame no wonder.

[*Exit.*

Lady Cyp. Now, Henry, you've appeal'd to me for justice—hear my decree. There is your destiny; that is the prize which you have nobly earn'd, My heart, so long estrang'd, is now your own. You are my son, and Emily my daughter; all I possess is your's—Have I aton'd?

Alg. Oh! you have given me that, which might atone for all the pains mortality cou'd feel—beauty to charm me, talents to enchant, and truth to fix my happiness secure.

Emily.

Emily. Oh! Henry, bear me to my benefactress, and let me kneel——

Lady Cyp. Yes, I will let you kneel, my child, for now thou hast a treasure worth thy thanks— Be virtuous, loving, faithful to each other; ape not the fashions of this guilty world; seek pleasures where alone they can be found, in nuptial harmony, domestic duties, and that sweet reflection, which fortune well employ'd is sure to give.—Rise, my adopted, rise!

Sir Oliv. Oh, let me add a blessing—May you be—Well, well, it will not forth; my heart's too full; but I will send it up in thought towards heaven— Here, Emily, my love, I'll put the first chain on your bridal arm; they are pure pearls, my child; not spoils of war, but gifts of gratitude for life preserv'd—wear them for my sake, and when I am dead cast a kind look upon them, and drop one pearly tear, richer than them all, to the memory of old Oliver.

Emily. Oh fir, fir, fir—my father and my friend—!

Sir Oliv. So, so! no more. Henry, my gallant boy, give me your hand—a soldier's greeting after victory—time was I could have grasp'd it harder.

Alg. I accept it, and press it to my heart.

Lady Cyp. Where are you all? This is a day of joy. Simon, I look to you to oil the hinges of my castle gates, that they may open freely to the neighbours, the tenants, and the poor.

Simon. I'll make 'em swing, so please you, and for one bad man now gone out of them, a hundred good ones shall come in, I warrant me.

Lady Cyp. You, Dorothy, must set the girls a dancing; and you, Rachel, must lead the ball in honour of your mistress.

(*SCUD and JENNY, who had crept in behind the servants, now step forward.*)

Scud. And when the bumpkins caper and kick shins, may they not want a plaister, good my Lady? I'll cure them gratis on this happy night. I have brought a bill, so please you, that will bear some riders on it, and not break it's back.

Lady Cyp. We'll have no bills nor bickerings any more; and to cut short all reckonings, I'll establish you apothecary general to the castle upon a salary fixt.

Simon. Then, Jerry, the less physic you send in the better for yourself.

Scud. And for all parties, my most honoured lady: I hope most heartily for all your sakes my place will be as near a finecure as possible.

Lady Cyp. I hope so too. You and your fair wife are welcome. She is a child of the castle, and will grace our dance.

Scud. Yes, under favour, Jenny, tho' I say it, has all the steps that now are thought so graceful: she'll balance on one leg and send the other upon a cruize into her neighbour's pocket; no magnetizing doctor or dotterell-monger can surpass my Jenny for the fine attitudes.

Lady Cyp. You're a strange mortal; but let mirth go round, and if the humble annals of our castle can cheer one honest, ease one heavy heart, our harmless efforts have not been in vain.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss BETTERTON.

NOW *False Impressions* are no more in view,
 Allow me to present you with the true—
 A bond it is, impress'd by honor's seal,
 With Truth's fair form, grav'd in perennial steel;
 A bond of gratitude, to which I set
 Both hand and heart to verify my debt;
 And tho' in law an infant, and in merit
 Poor, as heav'n knows, I am not poor in spirit;
 I'll pay you when I'm able from my gains;
 If you'll have patience, I'll not spare for pains.

In truth I did not seek this awful post;
 No champion I to face so brave a host.
 There are, who when five yawning acts are o'er,
 Can tickle those same yawners till they roar;
 These are the friends our profling bard should court;
 He gives soft slumbers, but they make the sport;
 They have the spell to puff the stage balloon
 Brim full of gas, and blow it to the moon:
 Not so our poet—He accounts it right
 To keep his critics ever in his sight;
 Such jaunts might turn their brains, disturb their thinking,
 And send them where they'd lose the art of sinking.

Rigour, when just, he can, he will endure,
 The stream is bitter, but the spring is pure;
 Candor, when candor haply he can meet,
 Like Moses' rod, can turn the bitter sweet;
 But the foul puddle, in which malice dips,
 Is a dire dose—He spurns it from his lips.

He writes, because, tho' writing is abus'd,
 The world is not too grave to be amus'd;
 He writes, and ever to some moral end,
 Because the world is not too good to mend.
 Soft female hearts are prone as wax to melt,
 And, true or false, impressions will be felt;
 Youth's yielding clay too easily receives
 The featur'd stamp that cross-ey'd cunning gives:
 Therefore let her, whose dang'rous lot in life
 Hangs on the balance betwixt maid and wife,
 Lay those few short prescriptions to her heart,
 With which the Lady Cypres clos'd her part;
 For base seduction spreads on every side
 His treach'rous snares to mesh th' unwary bride.
 She, in whose eyes enticing Cupids play,
 Gives impudence the clue, and leads the way.
 What tho' the faithless husband quits her hand,
 Truth, like a column, of itself can stand:
 To reas'ning minds sufficient strength is giv'n,
 And none but fools can charge their faults on heav'n.

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